

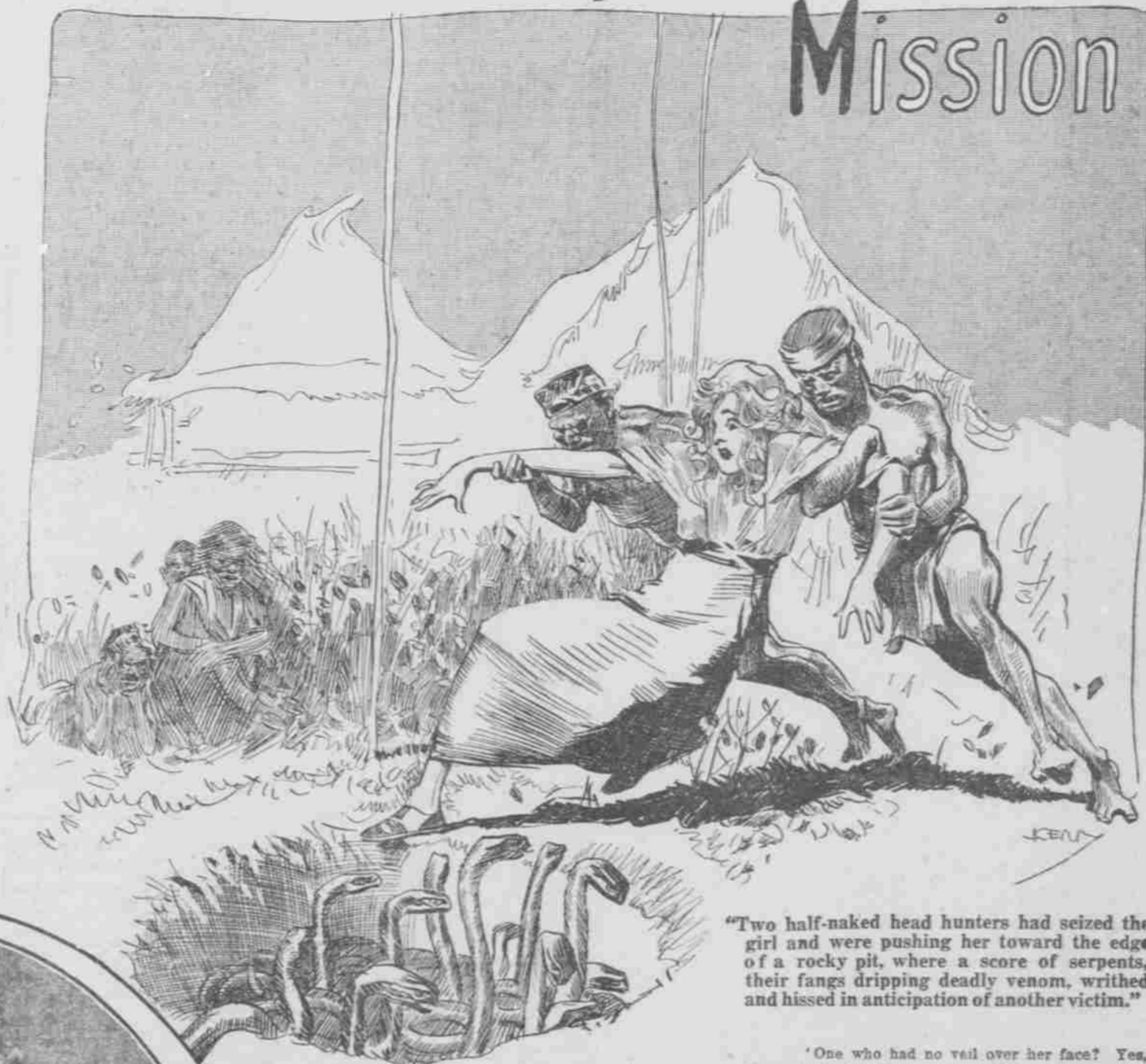
# Very Melodramatic Sequel to Mrs Lorillard Spencer's Moro

The Amazing and Thrilling Romance  
of an Adventurous English Girl  
That Probably Never Would Have  
Happened If the Extremely  
Fashionable American Lady Hadn't

Thought It  
Her Duty  
to Help  
Civilize Our  
Savage  
Philippine  
Islanders



Types of the Savage Head Hunters, at Whose Hands Myra Allen Narrowly Missed Death in a Pit of Venomous Serpents.



"Two half-naked head hunters had seized the girl and were pushing her toward the edge of a rocky pit, where a score of serpents, their fangs dripping deadly venom, writhed and hissed in anticipation of another victim."



Mrs. Lorillard Spencer and Child. It Was Mrs. Spencer's Mission to the Moros Which Inspired Miss Allen to a Similar Undertaking.



Miss Myra Allen, the Pretty Heroine of the Thrilling Romance of the Philippines That Nearly Cost Her Life When It Won Her a Husband.

IT WAS a Moro-made match. Can you imagine a fierce, unclean, brown outlaw of the almost impenetrable mountains of the Philippines as a matchmaker? An "Irreconcilable" lending his aid to the gentle arts of civilized Cupid? That is what happened in the mountain walled zone, a day's journey from Taluksaugu, in the Philippine Islands, as a melodramatic sequel to Mrs. Lorillard Spencer's perilous mission to the savages of that region.

The methods of the outlaw natives were not of the kind that would commend themselves to the dainty women who will read this true tale of love in the mid-Pacific isles, but the facts about them make an exceedingly interesting story just the same.

The heroine is Myra Allen, a beautiful English girl, who despite the importunities of many admirers in England and in the United States, had determined to devote her life to the conversion of the ferocious brigands. The hero is John Morley, a young Canadian of excellent family, and of a competence which he had hoped to increase to many millions as a trader in the Philippines. They are spending their honeymoon in Japan, trying to forget among the flower wilderness of the cherry blossom land the nightmare of the awful adventure which culminated in their love and wedlock.

In her London home Myra Allen had heard of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer's perilous last year's venture into the wilds of the Philippines, and of her unexpectedly safe return. A bishop, addressing Miss Allen's Sunday school class, had told of it, and the fresh cheeked English girl with the calm, clear eyes had been swept away upon the tide of his eloquence. He had quoted what the wealthy and fastidious ornament of New York society had said on her return from a year spent in founding a school and hospital at Jolo: "All they need is that you stretch out your hand to them."

The girl's fancy was fired by the picture. The grim realism of the reply: "But you remained near the walls of Jolo. Had you gone among the mountains in the interior and had stretched forth your hand it would have been cut off," she did not know.

Miss Allen, pausing in the States for visits to friends in New York and Denver, had sailed for the Philippines on her journey of salvation. Ultimately she would become a deaconess in the Church of England. Her beautiful face, turned to the stars, was stamped by the religious exaltation of her aims. John Morley, sailing on the same boat, often met her on their promenades of the deck. But he knew no one on board. Nor did she. Unfortunately they did not sit at the same table. He had entertained thoughts of cultivating the captain and seeking an introduction, but he had heard that this captain was a stern man, who had

set his face against shipboard flirtations, and refused to connive at them. More inventive men, or bolder, might have devised ways to achieve this girl's acquaintance. But not such a conservative man as John Morley. When they disembarked at Manila they were still strangers.

"You are going to Jolo and beyond," he heard the captain say at their leaving. He looked regretfully after the tall figure and the ruddy-checked face with the saint's eyes, and with a sigh that he stifled set about a strong man's business in the world, the business of getting on.

He established trading posts at a half dozen of the settlements, placing vigorous young Canadians, who had accompanied him from their native Northwest, in charge. Then he proposed to penetrate the interior, and establish more.

"Don't think of it," warned a countryman

of his. "The mountains are infested by the worst group of the Moros. They are the Irreconcilables. Not only do they believe in many wives, but they have a taste for human flesh, especially that of their enemies."

"I won't interfere with their many wives custom," rejoined John Morley. "And I'll take with me a half dozen boys so well armed that the head-hunters won't be likely to barbecue me."

"They've roasted bigger men than you, and eaten them with relish. Don't you know, man, that one-fifth of the people of the Philippines are Mahometans, who think that their condition in Paradise will be improved by every Christian they have digested? They are thirsting for your blood."

Silencing protests with a laugh, John Morley set forth to the interior. Having established another post without serious hindrance by the natives, the spirit of adventure stirred him to make the journey to the island of Basilan with a view to establishing a post at Taluksaugu.

"Don't," a white man warned him. "You have escaped this far. Don't spring between the molars of those savages."

Again John Morley laughed. But this friend was more forceful in his pleadings.

"Don't be a fool," he warned. "Only two or three white persons have returned from such a journey. A girl started on the last boat. She could not be dissuaded, and when I saw her putting off I knew she was going to her death."

A memory stirred poignantly in John Morley. He was surprised at a sudden, unaccounted fear in his heart.

"A tall girl, English, with fresh color and beautiful, calm eyes?" he asked.

"Yes; a girl who had been doing missionary work at Jolo, and was bent on reconciling the irreconcilables."

"You say she went to Taluksaugu?"

"Yes, to the very hotbed of Mahometan fanaticism."

"She has gone to try to convince those Captain Kidds that they should have but one wife. A swing of a bolo and she'll be silenced forever. They are against interference in their family affairs as in matters of government."

After that fiends could not have kept Morley from the island of Basilan. Arriving at Taluksaugu, he inquired little about a suitable point for the establishment of a trading post, and much for the destination of the young missionary.

"To the north," they said, pointing to the far line of the dark hills, and those touched by civilization among them shook their heads at mention of the girl and her errand.

John Morley hastened with his little band to the jagged mountains, whose high edges seemed to rend the sky. He travelled for three days, following first one path, then another, asking through his interpreter for a tall white woman.

"One who had no veil over her face? Yes, she had ridden to the north."

One dirty native woman had seen her "before the last going down of the sun." "She spoke to me. She read from a book. She asked if I were the only wife of my husband and when I told her I was the fourth she knelt and prayed." The dirty native woman spat upon the ground.

John Morley's face was white as he listened. "That way?" he asked the hag. She nodded toward the mountain peak. "She will not go far," she exulted to the interpreter. "One of our women, a princess, went to Europe and got education. She came back with strange notions like that. She told us we should be but the one wife of one man. One day she was gone. No one has ever found her," the hag laughed.

"She has not gone far," she repeated.

Morley and his little band dashed across the stopped not for supper nor to rest, though the men grumbled that they were tired. Something strong, inexplicable, compelling, drove him on. At midnight, as he approached the group of boulders at the highest point in the mountain, he understood what had impelled him. From the shelter of the rocks came a cry of anguish. A woman's voice wailing in the presence of death.

Morley and his little band pushed on. They huge stones to the source of the cries. A turn of the largest boulder and they faced a scene that chilled their blood. Two huge half-naked head-hunters had gripped the girl by the shoulders and were urging her forward to a tortuous death.

In the centre of the space surrounded by the wall of boulders was a pit from which proceeded a sound as of the boiling over of a dozen tea kettles. Above its dark, round edge protruded slimy dark heads, hissing from red open mouths, poison dripping from waiting fangs. Into this Hadesan depths the Moros were about to plunge the beautiful missionary. In the background sat native women with their fat, brown children, watching the scene with stolid enjoyment.

Morley, at danger of a hideous death, flung himself between the girl and the hissing executioners. A blow from the butt end of his pistol and one of the head-hunters was felled senseless. At his command one of his men grasped the other Igorrote. A third menaced the women and children and stilled their summons to neighboring Igorrotes by a flourish of his revolver. Others patrolled the bouldered walls of what had been so nearly a chamber of death.

A shot into the snake pit and the reptiles slipped back to its depths to inspect their brother's remains.

Myra Allen lay in a crumpled heap. John Morley leaped over her, his ear upon her heart, to assure himself that she was still alive.

How the little band of Canadians carried the girl down the mountain path in the moonlight, how her escorts conveyed her to safety, and how, while she was recovering at the little hut near the mosque, she abandoned all thought of converting the Mahometans because John Morley convinced her that it was her duty to regenerate his life, is commonplace beside the girl's awful peril on that mountain top.

She journeyed to Jolo with her rescuers, continued her journey to Manila under the chaperonage of a deaconess. With the deaconess as an impromptu matron the wedding was performed by a young curate.

In a villa out of Tokio the bride is trying to banish memories of the tragedy of the mountain peak from which she was saved by her bridegroom.